G.I. JOE • A REAL AMERICAN HERO • Vol. 1, No. 27, September 1984. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Subscription rate $1.50 per issue. G.I. JOE, DEVIL FISH, THE BARONESS, COBRA COMMANDER, G.I. JOE HEADQUARTERS, WILD WEASEL, CAPTAIN WREKER, JUNKYARD, MUTT, TORPEDO, TRIP WIRE, SNAKE EYES, HAWK, SCARLETT, STALKER, CLUTCH, BREAKER, ROCK 'N ROLL, COURT and WILD RAT are trademarks of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. and the exclusive rights to which throughout the world are granted to the copyright of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. and the trademarks and likenesses are used with permission of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. G.I. JOE • Copyright © 1984 HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1984 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. and Printed in Canada. Subscription rate $1.50 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign $1.75. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part removed or missing or in a mutilated condition. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO G.I. JOE, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

Second Printing

TORPEDO! THOSE SHOTS...
THE SOFT ONE WAS A SUPPRESSED 9mm PARABELLUM—NO BIG THREAT. STRICTLY SHORT RANGE STUFF...
...THAT BIG BOOMING CRACK WAS A BOLT-ACTION BIG-BORE SNIPER RIFLE. THE KIND OF GUN THAT CAN DOT THE I ON A "NO PARKING" SIGN AT 500 METERS!
UH... MAYBE WE SHOULD STOP LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SET A FEW MINES ON OUR TRAIL...
THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! OL' JUNKYARD CAN SNIFF OUT ANY MINE EVER MADE. THAT TRAITOROUS CANINE WILL LEAD COBRA HIGH COMMAND AROUND YOUR LITTLE TRAPS LIKE THE RICH AVOID TAXES!
MUTT'S RIGHT, TRIP-WIRE-- WE'RE BETTER OFF TO KEEP MOVING AND TRY TO RECAPTURE FIREFLY AND WILD WEASEL!
A HALF MILE FURTHER UP THE TRAIL...
TWANG!
IT WORKS, FIREFLY!
OF COURSE IT DOES. I SET IT, DIDN'T I?
IT'S CALLED A MALAYAN TIGER GATE BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY TIGERS COMING DOWN THIS TRAIL...
...ONLY JOES!

ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! SHOOTING THE DOG WON'T GET US OUT OF THIS!
BUT ONE OF MY WRIST-ROCKETS WILL!
FOOOSH!
WHAM!
I'LL GET HIM, COBRA COMMANDER!
VERY GOOD, BARONESS. BUT I'D STILL LIKE TO SEE THAT DOG GET HIS!
NOT IF I SEE HIM FIRST, BARONESS!
THEY'RE COMING! RIGHT DOWN THE PATH TOWARD THE --
I CAN HEAR THEM, WILD WEASEL. JUST SHUT UP BEFORE THEY HEAR YOU!
HEY! LOOK WHO CAUGHT UP WITH US!
JUNKYARD! THE DOBERMAN CAN'T BE FAR BEHIND!
HUH? HE'S GOING RIGHT PAST US UP THE TRAIL--
TWANG
THE TRAP IS SPRUNG! LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE IMPALED!

BACK AT THE NEW BUT STILL UNFINISHED PIT...
SO YOU DIDN'T SEE OR HEAR FROM SNAKE-EYES FOR SIX YEARS AFTER YOU TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS FAMILY AT THE AIRPORT ?
THAT'S RIGHT, SCARLETT. STALKER AND I WERE PUTTING TOGETHER THE G.I. JOE TEAM--
-- AND I CONVINCED HAWK TO LOOK UP SNAKE-EYES. HE MAY HAVE BEEN OUT OF UNIFORM FOR A WHILE BUT HE WAS STILL THE BEST...

WE FOUND OUT HE'D SPENT THREE YEARS IN JAPAN BUT ALL INQUIRIES INTO HIS ACTIVITIES THERE DREW A COMPLETE BLANK. THEN WE FOUND OUT HE WAS COLLECTING ARMY DISABILITY CHECKS / THE ADDRESS WAS--

"...A RURAL DELIVERY NUMBER IN THE HIGH SIERRAS"
...CAN'T SAY THAT I KNOW THE FELLER, SOJER. THIS AIN'T THE CLEAREST PICTURE IN THE WORLD, Y'KNOW...
YOU COULD SAY HE WAS CAMERA-SHY.

I KNOW THIS GUY. HE HASN'T BEEN INTO TOWN SINCE HE GOT HERE THREE YEARS AGO. PICKS UP HIS GOVERNMENT CHECK EVERY MONTH AT THE HIGH LOGGING CAMP. THE "JACKS" UP THERE SAY HE'S GOT A LITTLE CABIN UP ON IRON KNIFE RIDGE...

THEY ALSO SAY HE'S SOME KINDA WEREWOLF.
A WHAT?
WEREWOLF. PUR TAIL. BAYS AT THE MOON. EVEN GOT SOME SORT OF MARK ON HIS WRIST. DON'T PAY IT NO MIND. JUST LOGGER TALK, THAT'S ALL.

"HOURS LATER..."
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ALL THAT WEREWOLF TALK?
SUPERSTITIOUS DRIVEL.
OK YOU GO IN FIRST
SNAKE-EYES?
THAT'S JUST A WOLF, HAWK.
THAT'S OUR MAN COMIN' IN THE DOOR BEHIND US.
LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN OUT HUNTING RABBIT--
--WITHOUT A GUN.
C'MON, SNAKE-EYES! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ENOUGH FOR ONE LIFETIME...
...IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.
HE'S GOING TO LEAVE THAT POOR ANIMAL BEHIND ALL BY ITSELF?
HAWK, THAT "POOR ANIMAL" IS A WOLF. HE DON'T NEED NO WALKIES AND HE THINKS ALPO'S FOR SISSIES

THAT BRINGS US UP TO THE FIRST TIME I EVER MET SNAKE-EYES.
I WAS RUNNING THE G.I. JOE CANDIDATES THROUGH A HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT REFRESHER...
"...THEY ALL THOUGHT IT WAS A BIG JOKE, HAVING A PUNY LITTLE GIRL TEACHING MEN HOW TO FIGHT!
OK, YOU'RE NEXT...
"I MADE A PRETTY GOOD EXAMPLE OUT OF STEELER, BUT I STILL HAD TO PROVE IT WASN'T A FLUKE...
SOMEBODY ANSWER THAT PHONE...
SNAKE-EYES, RIGHT? THROW A PUNCH AT ME AS HARD AS YOU CAN!
SWAT HER ONE FOR STEELER, PAL!
"HIS PUNCH WAS AWKWARD BUT PHONEY...
"...HALFWAY THROUGH MY THROW I UNDERSTOOD THAT HE WAS LETTING ME THROW HIM. HE NEVER LOST CONTROL. HE HAD THE SKILL OF A HIGH-RANKING BLACK-BELT!
"HE WAS SO GOOD THAT HE DIDN'T NEED TO WIN. HE HAD NOTHING TO PROVE. HE WAS THE BEST. SO HE LET ME WIN TO SAVE MY PRIDE...

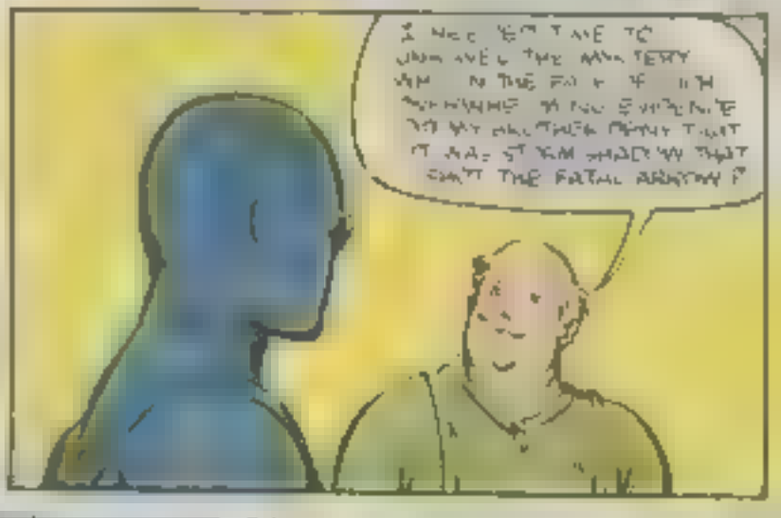
I WAS FASCINATED. I HAD TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM.
I CAUGHT UP TO HIM GOING OFF POST THAT EVENING AND GOT HIM TO ADMIT THAT HE'D STUDIED MARTIAL ARTS IN JAPAN.
THAT WAS ALL I WAS GETTING OUT OF HIM ON THAT SUBJECT. YOU'D THINK HE'D BELONGED TO SOME SECRET SOCIETY THAT ISN'T SUPPOSED TO EXIST.)
WE WALKED AND TALKED ABOUT...EVERYTHING. I FOUND THAT UNDERNEATH THAT HARD-BOILED MERCENARY AURA WAS A SMALL-TOWN BOY WHO MISSED HIS HOME AND WAS VERY, VERY LONELY...
BY THE TIME WE HAD DECIDED TO TAKE THE FERRY TO MANHATTAN FOR DINNER, WE WERE PALS.
I GUESS I WANTED TO BE A LOT MORE THAN A FRIEND OR I WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO UPSET WHEN HE TOLD ME HE LIKED ME BECAUSE I REMINDED HIM OF HIS SISTER!
HIS TWIN SISTER. THEY'D BEEN CLOSE LIKE THERE WAS A PSYCHIC LINK BETWEEN THEM. HE TOLD ME ABOUT CARRYING A PHOTO OF HER THROUGH TWO TOURS IN 'NAM. HE HAD BELIEVED THAT AS LONG AS NOTHING HAPPENED TO THAT PHOTO, NOTHING COULD HAPPEN TO HIM...
APPARENTLY, SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED TO THE PHOTO AND IT WORE OFF.
...HIS SISTER WAS KILLED WITH HER PARENTS IN A CAR CRASH ON THE DAY HE CAME HOME FROM THE WAR.
WE SAID THE PHOTO SHOULD HAVE BEEN A TALISMAN FOR ARMY LIBERTY, NOT HIM.
I REMEMBER THINKING JUST FOR A GUY THAT HAD BEEN THROUGH AS MUCH AS HIM, HE SURE DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF MEANNESS IN HIM...
7

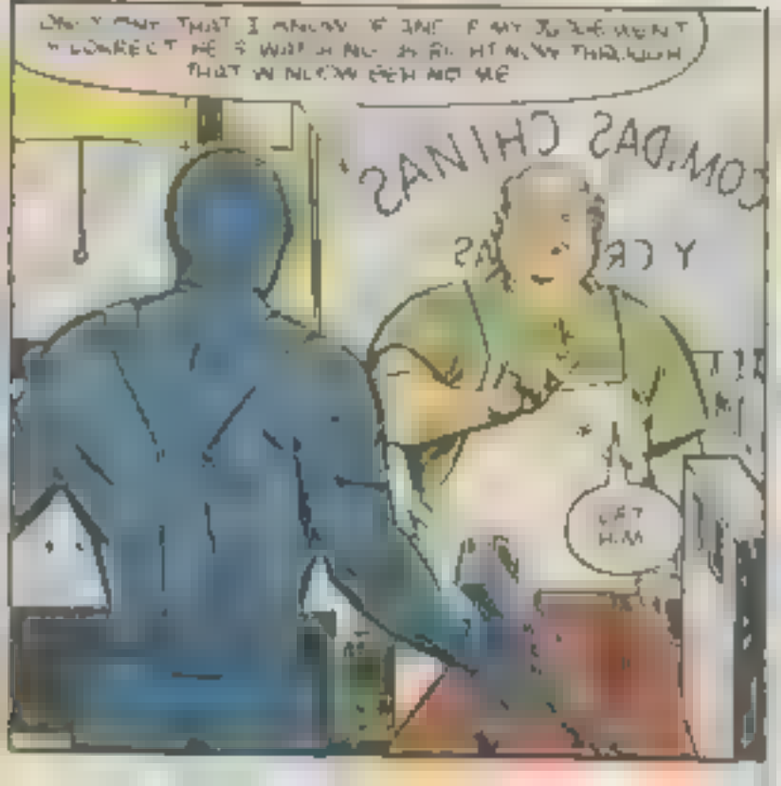
"MONTHS LATER, WE WERE ON A DESERT OPERATION. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SIMPLE HOSTAGE RESCUE. YEAH. SIMPLE. HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD IN A HOSTILE COUNTRY WITH NO SUPPORT!
"THERE WERE FOUR OF US IN THE LEAD CHOPPER. ROCK 'N ROLL, GRUNT, SNAKE-EYES AND ME. WE WERE FLYIN' REAL LOW. THE DOORS WERE OPEN AND THE ROTORS WERE KICKIN' UP ENOUGH DUST TO RE-CLAIM THE SAHARA.
GRUNT WAS WONDERING IF THE PLANNING HONCHOS HAD THOUGHT TO RE-FIT THE HELICOPTERS WITH DUST-FILTERS ON THE AIR INTAKES --
"THAT'S ABOUT WHEN OUR ENGINE STALLED OUT!
"THE STICK-JOCKEYS UP FRONT DID THEIR BEST TO GET US DOWN INTACT BUT IT WAS PRETTY HOPELESS...
"THEY GAVE US THE WORD TO BAIL!"
"ROCK 'N ROLL AND GRUNT WERE ALREADY OUT THE DOOR WHEN THE TAIL ROTOR STALLED AND WE STARTED TO SPIN...
"... THE SPIN SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT ON MY WEB-GEAR, TRAPPING ME...
SNAKE-EYES COULD HAVE JUMPED CLEAR.

" WE WERE FLYING TOWARDS THE OTHER HELICOPTER AND I TOLD HIM TO LEAVE ME AND JET OUT --
"-- BUT HE DIDN'T. HE WAS TRYING TO GET THE DOOR OPEN WHEN HE HIT THE OTHER CHOPPER.
...THE AVIATION GAS LIT UP IMMEDIATELY AND A PLUME OF BURNING VAPOR PUNCHED RIGHT THROUGH THAT PLEXIGLASS DOOR WINDOW--
"--AND HIT SNAKE-EYES SQUARE IN THE FACE LIKE A BOXCAR FULL OF ROMAN CANDLES
" THE CRASH KNOCKED ME OUT COLD
" ROCK 'N ROLL TOLD ME LATER THAT HE SAW SNAKE-EYES CARRY ME OUT OF THE WRECKAGE WITH HIS HEAD STILL IN FLAMES
"... HE WAS STANDING THERE HOLDING ME SAFE WITH HIS BURNED MOUTH OPENING AND CLOSING IN HIS RAVAGED FACE --
"--AND NO SOUND COMING OUT.

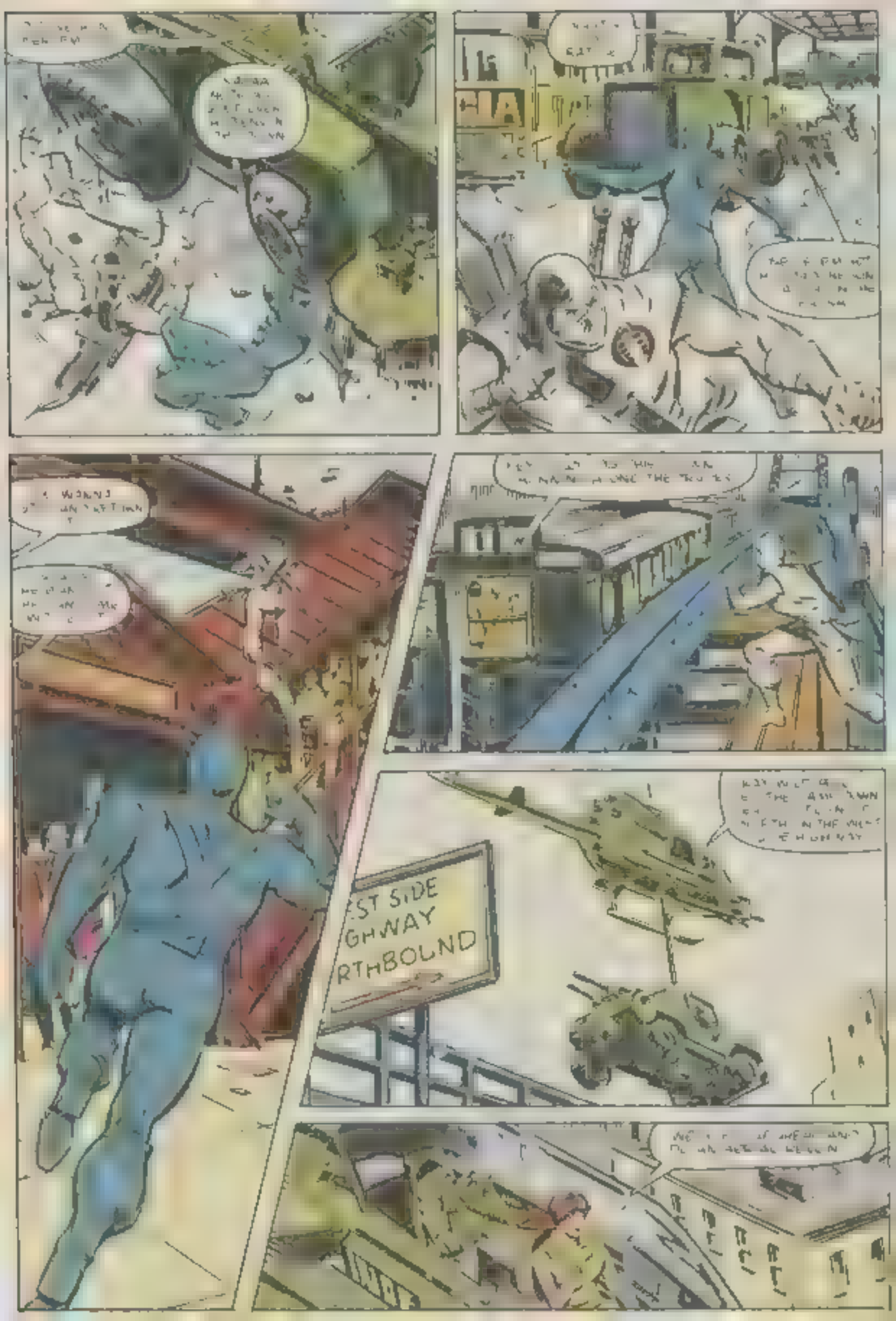
HE SPENT SIX MONTHS IN THE HOSPITAL AND ALL THE BEST PLASTIC SURGEONS TRIED EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE WORLD THAT COULD EVER MAKE SNAKE-EYES LOOK HUMAN AGAIN.
HE COULD'VE GOTTEN OUT THEN WITH COMPLETE DISABILITY BUT WHERE COULD HE GO. WHAT COULD HE DO?
HE HAD NOBODY LEFT...
"...EXCEPT ME."
I LIKE TO THINK THAT HE DOESN'T BLAME ME FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. THAT HE JUST DON'T WANT ME TO FEEL INDEBTED TO HIM...
...I'D GIVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO KNOW WHAT THOUGHTS RATTLE AROUND INSIDE HIS MIND
BUT HE'S NOT TALKING, IS HE?

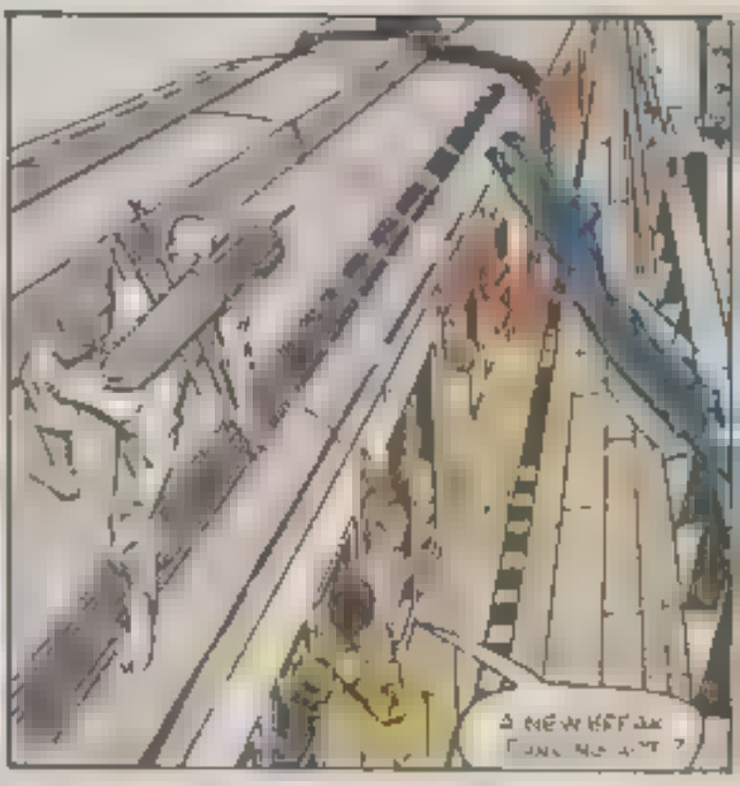
COMIDAS CHINAS
Y CRIOLLAS

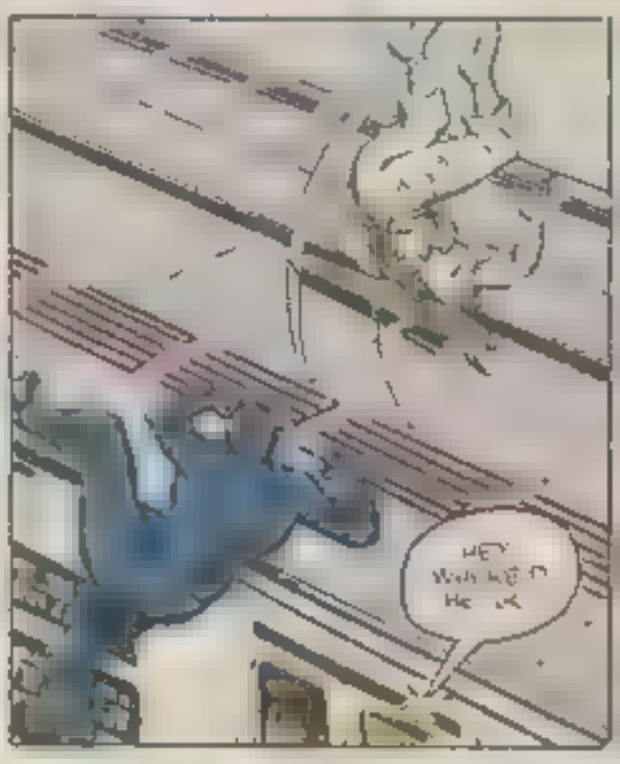


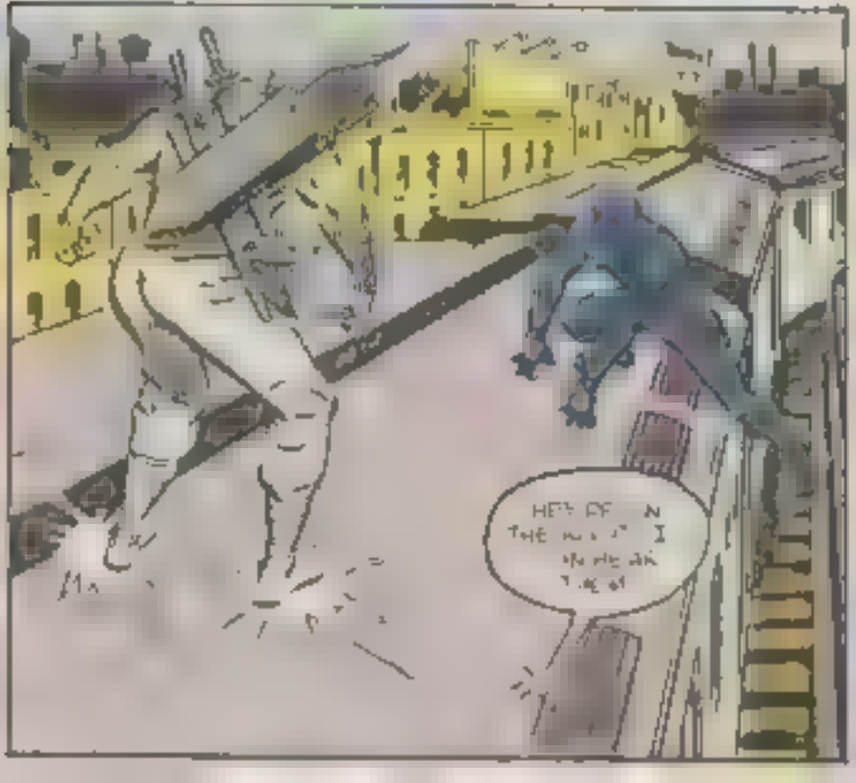


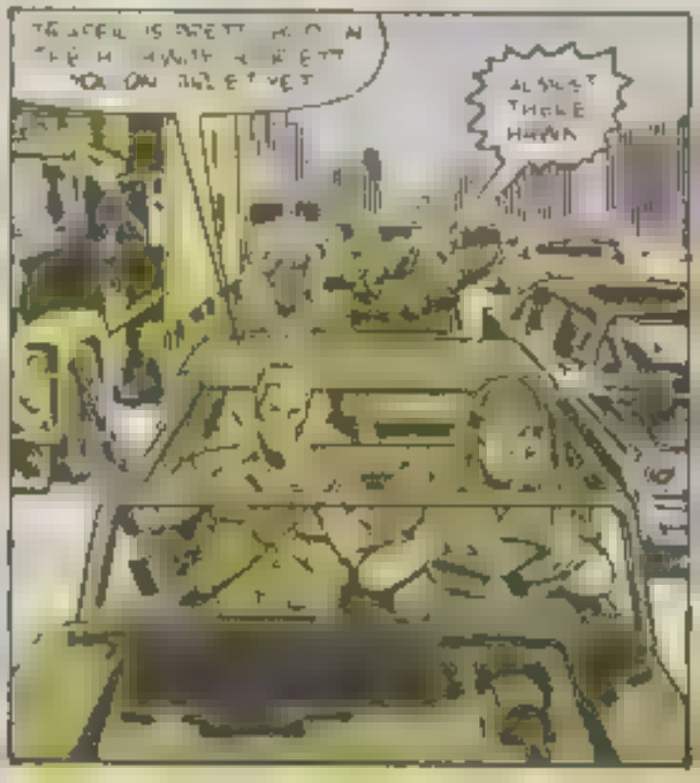
WIKKI WIKKI WIKKI
WHAT IS THIS THE WEIRD TIME MARATHON?
MOON KNIGHT
HEY! TAKE YOUR SCAM ELSEWHERE HOME THIS IS MY STREET
DON'T YOU ELWOOD THEY'RE PERVERTS
I'M MOM I NEVER LET TO SEE NOTHING
JUST INTERCEPTED A POLICE CALL REPORTING A FIGHT A MASKED VIEW WITH AN IT AND A NINJA IN WHITE


EST SIDE
GHWAY
RTHBOUND





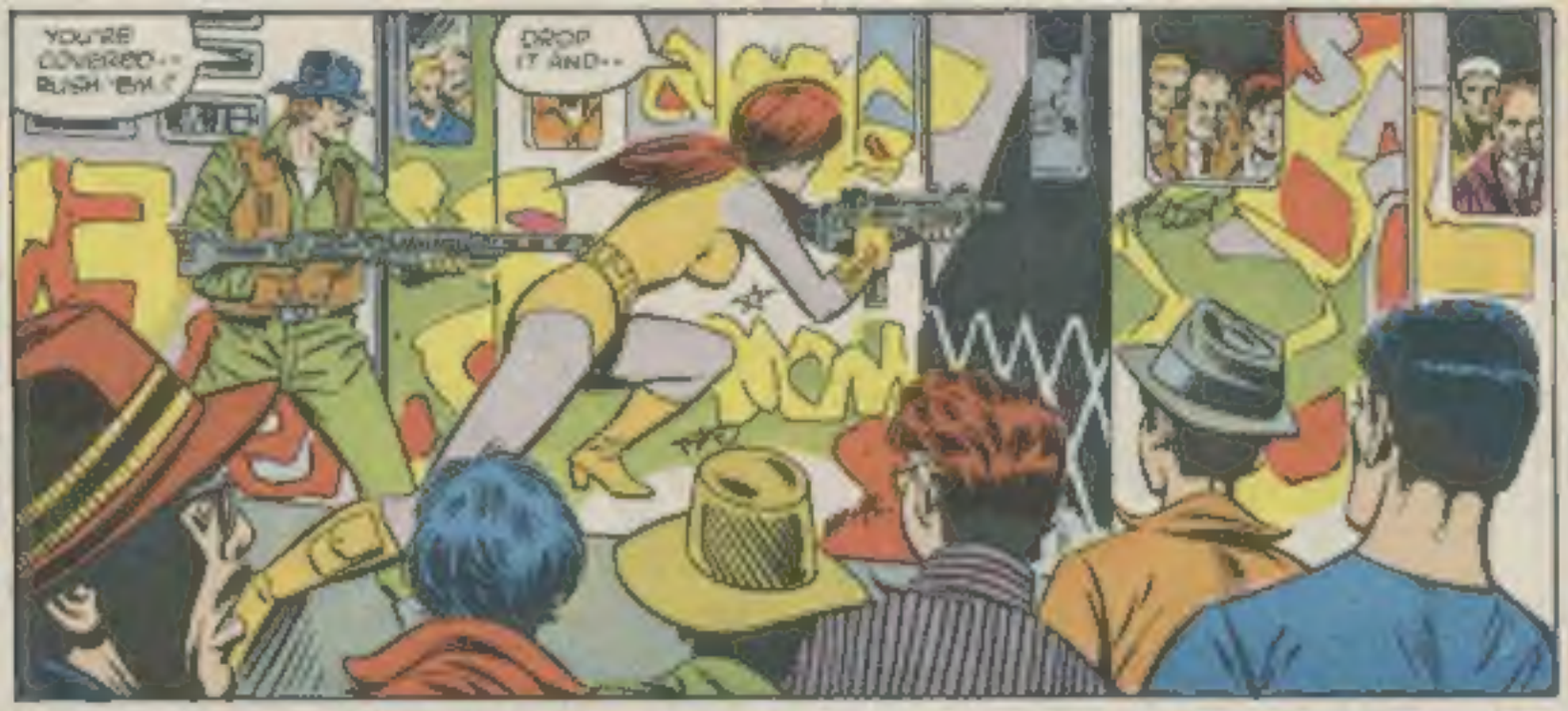




NO CLEARANCE

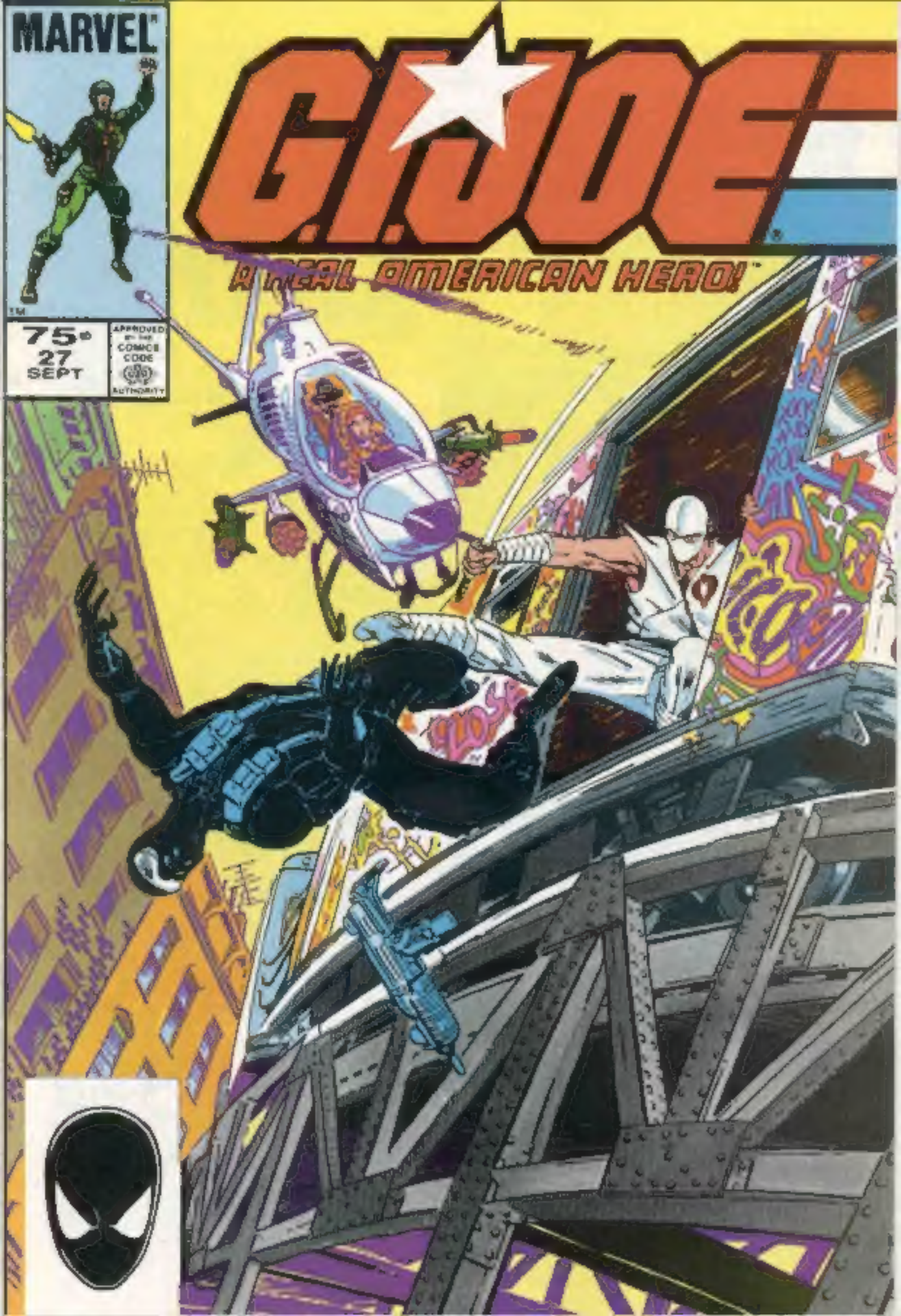
CLEARANCE
EH?
YOU THREW YOUR BLADE AWAY?
YOU WANT ME TO MOUNT THE ATTACK?
LEARANCE
EEEEEEYAAAHHH
LEAR
NNNNNNGGGHHH!!
OOOMF!
THUDD!!
A TUNNEL? YOU COULD HAVE JUMPED! JUMPED CLEAR AT THE LAST MOMENT AND LET THE TUNNEL KILL ME? YOU-- YOU--

WE'RE EVEN NOW. ALL DEBTS ARE CLEAR.
STAND UP MY BROTHER. I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU...
I DIDN'T SHOOT MY UNCLE. THE ARROW THAT KILLED HIM WAS MINE, BUT IT HAD BEEN RETRIEVED FROM THE BODY OF THE SQUIRREL. I SHOT BEHIND THE WALL. THAT DAY AT PRACTICE...
RETRIEVED BY A MASKED ASSASSIN WHO ESCAPED IN A COBRA HELICOPTER!
I'VE SPENT YEARS WORKING MY WAY UP IN COBRA AND ONE DAY I'LL BE IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO TRUST WITH THE IDENTITY OF MY UNCLE'S KILLER...
AND THAT DAY, I'LL HAVE MY COLD DISH OF VENGEANCE!
AND AFTER THAT DAY PERHAPS YOU AND I CAN BE THE BROTHERS WE ALWAYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN!
STAY BACK, STAY BACK!
I SAW THEM FALL BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD CARS!
IT'S COMING UP, SCARLETT!



NEXT

ENTER--THE TANK SMASHERS!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